

Picture of a Picture

[Michael Flynn](#)

Making love with ghosts,
Love them so much it hurts
I took a bullet
I took a ride in a hearse
If it didn't make it worse
But you're invisible
and I'm the one who makes it cursed
How do you save someone,
who lives just like they're dead?
When all you have to hold on to
are pictures in your head?
But a picture of a picture is all I've got
But at least I got myself, if it's not a lot
When we're young we're loved by all
and life will never sway
The ones who loved us then, as time
goes on it goes away
But a picture of a picture, just makes it worse
And you're invisible
and I'm the one who makes it cursed

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